



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).

known voice struck her like magic. In a moment they were in each other's arms.

"My Alick!—my dear, dear, long-lost Alick!—and is it really you, alive and well?" exclaimed Mary. "But you are weak. Come, and see our father, and take some rest. Father, here is Alick, come back, as he promised, to be a comfort to you in your old days."

"And are you my Alick?" said the old man. "No, no! you are not like my handsome, blooming boy; but I suppose you too have met afflictions. If you are really my own boy, come to my arms, for I am too weak to rise."

Alick approached, and was pressed fondly to his father's breast.

"Yes, yes; you are indeed my son—I know you now. But why did they tell us you were dead, and why did you never write to us, my own boy?"

"Who told you I was dead?" exclaimed Alick. "Did I not write to you constantly, and did not you, Mary, get a letter from me last month, telling you I was coming home?"

"We never got one letter since you left us, Alick," said Mary; "and about a year after you set out, Mr. Elliot told he heard from a servant of my lord's that you were killed."

"Then he must be a villain," said Alick. "I sent all my letters along with Lord —'s despatches, enclosed to him, and he must have kept them. But, by heaven, he shall atone for this if he has deceived me."

"You little know," said his father "at what a merciful time you have come to us; but you are wearied, and must take some refreshment. and go to rest, and I shall tell you all to-morrow. But, gracious Providence! have you lost your arm, Alick?"

"I have, father, but it was lost in a good cause, and I can make good use of my left; but, I pray you, tell me this mysterious story now?"

"Mary," said the old man, "will tell it you, for I am very weak."

Mary related their whole history from the time of his departure, with all of which our readers are already acquainted. When she related the manner in which Elliot had extorted her consent to their union, his face was distorted with rage, and he uttered many solemn threats of vengeance. After taking some food, Alick retired to rest, and on the following morning he told his story to his father and sister; but as it was related with that true modesty which characterizes real valour, we shall briefly tell it for him, with more impartiality.

When he joined his regiment he was rejoiced to find it composed almost entirely of Irish, and commanded by Lord —, his father's landlord. Soon afterwards the brigade of which his regiment formed a part, was ordered to join a division of the army which lay encamped near —. During the march they were engaged in frequent skirmishes with the enemy, and even then Alick gave proof of that courage for which he was ever after distinguished. Not to trespass on the patience of our readers, suffice it to say that for a period of two years he distinguished himself in several engagements, and was at length wounded and taken prisoner, with several of his comrades. In about three months he was liberated in an exchange of prisoners, and on rejoining his regiment was made serjeant of the company to which he formerly belonged. A short time after the regiment was detached, with some others, to escort provisions, and on passing through a narrow defile, were suddenly attacked by a strong force of the enemy, which lay in wait for them. The commander formed his little band as well as the exigency would admit of, but Alick's regiment being in front, were almost cut to pieces; he himself fought with heroic courage; when, seeing the colour of his regiment in the hands of the enemy, he determined to rescue it or perish. He turned round to the soldiers near him, and pointed to the colour; it was enough; in a moment he was followed by a body of heroes into the thickest of the enemy—he pressed forward, making devastation wherever he went—struck to the ground the person who was bearing off the prize, and seizing it in his right hand, waved it over the heads of his comrades; the next moment a ball struck his arm,

and it fell powerless by his side—he seized the colour in the other, and still encouraging his men to a second charge, he fell to the ground from loss of blood. A reinforcement now came up, the enemy were repulsed, and Alick was carried off the field still grasping the rescued ensign; he was obliged to suffer amputation, and was confined to hospital for several months. On his recovery he was presented with a large sum of money as a present recompense for his wounds and services, and promised, on his landing in England, a comfortable pension for life. He repaired immediately to the sea coast, and there found Lord —, his former commander, waiting for a ship to embark for England; he had not seen Alick since his last glorious achievement, and he now paid him a very handsome compliment on his bravery, and promised, when they arrived in England, to procure him a pension from government without obliging him to present his own memorial.

Once landed on his native shore, Alick lost no time in hurrying to his home, anxious to find if the only ties which still bound him to earth were in existence. We are already acquainted with the sequel.

Alick had scarcely finished his story, when a little boy came running in to say that a gentleman had fallen from his horse and was killed on the road. Alick ran out, and saw a man apparently lifeless, lying at the foot of a precipice which bounded the road; he immediately descended, and with the assistance of the boy raised the unfortunate man from the ground and carried him to the house; they placed him on a bed, and Mary assisted her brother in washing the blood from his face; when this was done he showed some signs of life, when Mary immediately exclaimed, "Good God! it is Elliot!" It truly was this unhappy man, who on riding to claim her promise met this unhappy fate. Fear of death struck him with remorse, and he now made a confession of his crimes. He had written a letter to Alick immediately before the false account of his death, stating that he and Mary were married, in hopes of driving him to some rash act, (but this letter had never reached its destination,) and he acknowledged that he had detained all Alick's letters.

"Mary, do you forgive me?" faltered the dying man.

"I do," said Mary, "and may God also forgive you"—ere she had finished the sentence life was fled.

We must now come to a conclusion. Lord — visited his estates in a few days, and calling at the cottage, informed Alick he had procured him a comfortable pension. Learning the fate and villainy of his steward, he conferred the situation on Alick, and was himself present at his nuptials, which were celebrated in the village church a few days after his arrival.

Alick and Mary would never consent to leave the cottage, but built an addition to it, and made it more comfortable. The old man survived his happiness for some years and died of a good old age, after witnessing the birth of two grand children.

B. O'L.

## PRIDE AND VANITY.

Pride would too often content itself with collecting stores of knowledge, which would lie buried in the mind that possessed them, if the desire of applause, or at least of esteem, did not sometimes impel the man of genius to share its treasure with mankind; and a proper degree of vanity is useful in introducing talent into notice. Pride may be compared to the sun which ripens the plant in silence, vanity to the breeze which spreads its fragrance through the world.—*Chenevix on National Character.*

ERRATUM.—In our 35th number the index on the Map of the Niagara River is reversed. The fleur de lis, as it at present stands, points to the South.

## DUBLIN

Printed and Published by JOHN S. FOLDS, 5, Bachelors' walk, Sold by all Booksellers in Ireland.  
In Liverpool by Willmer and Smith; in Manchester by Wheeler, in Birmingham by Drake; in Edinburgh by R. Grant and Son; in Glasgow by Niven, Jun. and in London by Joseph Robins, Bride Court, Fleet-street.